

THE AUTHOR:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE TO INTEREST AND HELP ALL LITERARY WORKERS.

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CHRISTIAN REID.

A book which one finds in rich binding upon the library shelves of nearly every home in the beautiful little city of Asheville, N. C., and which, in gay paper covers, is sold to hundreds of tourists and health-seekers every season, is Christian Reid's little idyl, "The Land of the Sky."

Not the sentimental adventure, in *Skyland*, of the coquettish heroine *Sylvia*, but the faithful and beautiful pen-painting of *Skyland* itself, has made this book interesting to thousands of readers, and has made Asheville, in Western North Carolina, — the Land of the Sky, — popular as a summer and health resort, and largely built it up, from a picturesque village of "magnificent distances" to a delightful little mountain city.

That other novels of greater merit than "The

Land of the Sky" have been written by Christian Reid no one will deny, — among them "Valerie Aylmer," "Heart of Steel," "Ebb Tide," "A Gentle Belle," and "Question of Honor," — but none of them have been so widely read, or run through so many editions as this one.

Christian Reid is the daughter of Colonel Charles Fisher, a prominent North Carolinian, who was killed while gallantly leading a charge in the battle of Manassas. This daughter, Miss C. F. Fisher, was devoted to her father, and his death cast such a shadow over her life that she became a recluse, and devoted herself to religious and literary work.

The old Fisher homestead, where so many years of her life were spent, stands amid a grove of grand old oaks and cedars, in the quaint old town of Salisbury, N. C., an old-fashioned, brownish-gray house, with large columns in front screened by dense shrubbery, and tangled over with mats of English ivy. A zealous Catholic, Miss Fisher gave part of the lot on which her old home stands to her church, and built a house of worship upon it.

For years after her father's death Miss Fisher lived a busy, lonely life in this old house, with a maiden aunt for companionship. Sometimes during the summer she would spend a month or two in Asheville, but most of her time was spent in walking or driving about the beautiful mountain region, and in writing. All attempts to recall her to society were unavailing. It is related of her that when bon-ton young ladies of Asheville called upon her, beyond a gracious greeting and good-bye, she seldom spoke to them, calmly continuing her writing throughout their calls.

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Several years ago, near the age of forty-five, she was married to Professor J. M. Tiernan, a widower with one child, and is now living in Guadalajara, Mexico, where her husband has large mining interests.

Lennie Greenlee.

GARDEN CITY, N. C.

THE NEWSPAPER PEN.

Readers of newspapers must often be amused and often annoyed by the slips of the newspaper pen. The following examples have been clipped within a month from three periodicals, without exercise of political preference:

"The alarm of fire at about 6 o'clock was caused by the burning of Henry Allen's barn on Home street. A horse was rescued with great difficulty. The barn and contents were entirely consumed. It was probably of incendiary origin, but whether from accident or design is not known."

A Penn Yan, N. Y., newspaper correspondent speaks of a celebrity tarrying in his locality thus: "'Zim,' the famous caricature of *Judge*, is spending a much-needed rest in pursuing the fish in the lake."

An accurate journalist thus concludes the obituary of a young lady: "Mr. J. W. Allston was a relative of the deceased. Her father, who survives her, was also a relative."

The *Illustrated American*, referring to Mrs. Edmund Russell, of Delsartean fame, says of her plain speaking: "A spade is a spade, and is so called until refined by polish to the dignity of a higher title." What Mrs. Russell calls a spade after it is "refined by polish" the *American* does not state.

In a certain prominent daily a tragic item begins thus: "Our readers will be shocked to learn that a fatal accident occurred at a late hour last evening, which will probably cause the death of the victim."

Perhaps this extract from the announcement of a death will make a good rhetorical conclusion: "A good woman is dead. The philanthropic and Christian humanitarian, the wife of the Hon. — — —, is no more. At the dread hour of midnight her pure soul was ferried over the river Styx to receive the reward of her labors."

These writers mean well, and they are simply like the rest of us — not to blame for what they don't know.

Mrs. George Archibald.

ELMIRA, N. Y.

PLAY-WRITING.

The main thing to consider in writing for the stage is cause and effect — to understand why certain things affect an audience humorously at certain times and at other times in quite a different way.

Nothing but experience can teach one this. I have often sat in front, and having watched performances of my own plays and observed that certain facts missed fire, have carefully thought out the cause, in order to lay the blame either at my own door or that of the performer.

Many lines that go for nothing in certain scenes awake spontaneous interest in others. It is a prime requisite for every playwright first to build his play by means of situations before he writes a single line. Once having built your play, or, in other words, laid it out in scenes that are actable, the proper words for the characters to speak seem to suggest themselves naturally.

When I sit down to write a play I try to find a starting point. That starting point very often leads me, by various stages of invention, into realms I had little anticipated at the beginning, and very often quite a secondary idea takes prominence; and yet it was to that starting point that I owed my original inspiration.

To illustrate: In my play, "The Club Friend," which at present serves as a vehicle for the display of the talent of Mr. Reed, and which I wrote under contract for him, I had no idea originally of starting with the exploits of the title character.

I conceived the idea, primarily, of dealing with the society physician, a character which I had never before seen depicted on the stage. Combining with this original idea the necessity of furnishing a good part for the comedian as a foil to this doctor, I reached a plan for the invention of the character of Stuyvesant Filbert.

The situation in the third act of my play, or at least that part of it which concerns the unmasking of the physician, was in my mind when I started the play, and it was to lead up to this situation that the play began to grow. Of course, in the progress scenes and characters have to develop, and they must develop interestingly.

One of the greatest difficulties to contend with in writing a play is the necessity of telling, during

some portion of the evening, a story of events that must have occurred before your play begins. This is, as a rule, a tedious thing, and I think that a man who can overcome the tediousness of this requisite factor exhibits skill in his craft.

There is one part of my plan in "The Club Friend" which, for this reason, pleases me more than any other.

Though it may escape the casual observer, the expert will appreciate it, and I am pleased to say that it struck Mr. Bronson Howard at once when he saw my play at the Star Theatre. I refer to the scene wherein Filbert is called upon to tell of the causes that led to the adoption of the child, in Act 3.

It is a serious story which he has to tell to Mrs. Frawley, and one which under ordinary circumstances might not chain the attention of an audience. To give this story its weight, in the first place I put it in the mouth of the leading character, though it is only a narration of necessary dry facts. Then, for the double purpose of making his task agreeable in the telling and lightening up an otherwise sombre narrative, I invent the whimsical interruption of his story by Mrs. Frawley, who refuses to regard him seriously, and laughs at him in his most serious moments.

This double play, so to speak, gave me material to amuse an audience, and, as it were, compel them to listen to my plot before they realized that they have gone through the necessarily dullest portion of any play.

There is one rule I laid down for myself early in my career—no matter what I write, to be consistent. If it should ever be necessary for me to make one of my characters stand on his head to get a laugh, I shall always endeavor to find a just and sufficient cause for this eccentric performance on his part.

Given a peculiar state of affairs for the dramatist to lead up to, and the only task he must set himself is to make every link in the chain of circumstances positively correct and feasible. What makes many a play strike an audience as improbable, not to say impossible, is the fact that the minor details are unreal, not so much that the play itself is impossible.

Now, as for the acting of a comedy, I must revert to the subject of cause and effect.

If you can only get your actor to feel with you that certain effects in your mind have arisen from certain causes, it will be a delight to work with him. The actor who will absorb your idea and let it permeate through his personality is the rare bird that you are looking for. Every line that I write I hear spoken in my mind, and it returns as it were

to me from the stage before it reaches the actor's hands.

When I rehearse my play I invariably endeavor to convey to the actor those mental impressions that I have received, and it is one of the greatest delights of a dramatic author to find that he is understood by the man who is going to interpret him. There have been times, of course, in the career of every author when some of his best efforts have gone astray in the hands of unsympathetic actors.

I know of no mental agony so keen as that of the author who finds himself at the mercy of unsympathetic performers who utterly misconceive and misinterpret his ideas. But, thank goodness, our stage is arriving at that delightful epoch where if the author does not have justice done him, it is his own fault.

I have been asked for advice by playwrights who wish to follow some rules for comedy writing. I will say briefly this:—

(1) Find a subject, in a general way, that shall serve as your starting point.

(2) Think of one situation which you consider the most important dramatically.

(3) Lead up to this situation, not by dialogue or word pictures, but by a series of other situations of greater or smaller value, and let your characters develop in the progress.

(4) Having found these situations, put words into the mouths of your characters that are apt, expressive, and brief.—*Sydney Rosenfeld, in the New York Herald.*

WRITERS OF NEW YORK.

Merely to print the names of all the persons engaged in one way and another in "literary" work in New York City would fill three or four columns, but I am concerned only with the men and women who have a wide constituency of readers.

The literary circle of New York does not hold a place in fashionable quarters equal to that held by the guild of letters in the social life of Boston. Very few writers in New York have the entrée to fashionable houses, but in Boston no select social gathering is complete without a good sprinkling of literary folk. What may be called the headquarters of literary New York people are the Fellowcraft, Authors, Century, Nineteenth Century, and the Aldine clubs and Sorosis. The Fellowcraft, as a solid literary institution, takes the lead, and its establishment was a thorn in the side of the Authors. The writing of a poor sonnet, a silly triplet, the translation of a book, for the production

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of a preface for some volume is not held sufficient for membership to the Fellowcraft. This club has a handsome building at 12 East Twenty-ninth street, and already flourishes. The Authors Club has regular meetings in its rooms, where the authors smoke and talk about the latest literary topics. Its membership is very large. E. C. Stedman, the banker, poet, and celebrated critic, is the leading spirit of the club.

Among the workers of the time, Mr. Stedman, from his eminence as a poet and as a critic of verse, may be said to be the most noted. He is about fifty-eight years old, but is full of energy and constantly at some literary work. He is of low stature, with thick, iron-gray hair, remarkably keen, quick eyes, and a face at once striking and sensitive. His library is stocked with rare volumes and interesting manuscripts. Among the latter are crude first drafts of some notable poems, and the manuscript of a novel by Edgar Allan Poe, written on small sheets, the end of one pasted to the top of the other and forming one long, continuous string, after the manner of a Japanese manuscript. He is notable for his choice brands of cigars, and has gathered together a number of interesting bits of bric-à-brac. He writes his verse only when the impulse seizes him, and this is often in the early morning. Mr. Stedman is most gracious to young writers.

Richard Henry Stoddard has grown very feeble in physique of late, and his sight barely serves him. He is literary editor of the *Mail and Express*, but finds time to write a good deal of vigorous prose for various other publications. His late verse is not as good as the work of his earlier days, but he lays the lash now and again upon the backs of pretentious writers of drivelling poetry. He thinks there are ten times too many of them in the field, and that the bulk of them should be driven out of the business. His remarks about much of the magazine poetry are, to say the least, not charitable. Mr. Stoddard is tall, straight, dignified in appearance, has white hair and beard, and the face of a poet as the idealists paint him. He has a number of volumes in his library that were once the property of eminent men. On the wide margins of one of his volumes are notes in pencil by Keats. Mr. Stoddard's wife, Elizabeth Stoddard, has of late resumed literary work, but her health is not good. The poet is very genial and hearty in private life, and gets the homage of all whose backs are not smarting from his lash.

Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*, and I believe now one of its proprietors, does not give as much of his time as formerly to literary

work, having, besides his office duties, much in a social and philanthropic way on his hands. He does not get down to his office on Union square till near mid-day, when his duties of hearing proposals and deciding on manuscripts commence. Judging from his appearance, he is reticent and retiring, but he is really spontaneous, brilliant, and whole-hearted.

Mr. Gilder's assistants are R. U. Johnson, secretary of the American Copyright League, and the one more than any other instrumental in the success of the late copyright measure, and C. C. Buell, the originator and director of the series of war articles in the *Century*.

St. Nicholas is under the same roof with the *Century*, with Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge as conductor and Mr. Clarke the office editor. Mrs. Dodge does not get down to the office every day, but attends to much of her work in her beautiful apartments in the Navarro flats. She does hardly any work now except for the magazine, and is now and again in receipt of a good-sized check for royalty on "Hans Brinker," the charming young people's book that appeared many years ago. Once in the winter she gives a reception. She likes to surround herself with young people, and Sunday evening is her regular reception time, when she gathers her guests about her before the large grate and entertains them with numerous interesting stories and bits of conversation. She is of middle age, well preserved, and handsome.

Mr. Clarke is of medium size, rather dark, and about thirty-five years old. He hears propositions, consults with contributors, selects what he thinks *St. Nicholas* needs, and then takes counsel with Mrs. Dodge. *St. Nicholas* pays ordinarily about \$8 for 1,000 words.

Connected with the *Century* Dictionary are several noted literary persons. Among them are John H. Boner, author of "Poe's Cottage at Fordham," and much other good verse. Mr. Boner is a Southerner, and full of Southern fire. He is about forty, and has a nice library in Harlem, where he is constantly at some literary work. Dr. Palmer, a tall, distinguished looking Southerner, is the author of several striking volumes. He has a collection of rare exchanges, and spends his spare time at literary work in his handsome apartments.

The Harpers' establishment is a resort for hundreds upon hundreds of men and women devoted to literature. The editor of the *Monthly*, Henry M. Alden, is the senior editor in the place and the most important. He confines himself to the *Monthly*, of which he is chief editor, having as associates George William Curtis, W. D. Howells,

Charles Dudley Warner, John Kendrick Bangs, and Laurence Hutton. These associates have each charge of one department. Mr. Alden is of middle age, is portly in stature, and has iron-gray hair. He is retiring, and, although not fond of giving his opinion nor making a show, keeps his hand ever on the public pulse, and watches every noted literary production that appears anywhere. There is hardly room to turn around in his little office, and when you go in there you hardly ever find him looking at a manuscript. Yet he slays his tens of thousands every year, and examines promising work in his cosy library at home. He has a large family of interesting and intelligent daughters.

Richard Harding Davis, who has succeeded John Foord in the editorship of *Harper's Weekly*, is not yet thirty years old, but he has won his spurs as a writer of short stories. He has a strong and striking face, and his friend Gibson, the artist of the staff of *Life*, frequently uses him as a model for drawings in that paper. He also availed himself of Mr. Davis' head, face, and physique as models for his noblemen, illustrating Mrs. Burton Harrison's novel, "The Anglomaniacs," which appeared in the *Century*. Mr. Davis inherits his literary gifts, his mother being Rebecca Harding Davis, and his father the well-known Philadelphia journalist.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, editor of the *Bazar*, has the largest editorial office in the Harper building. She is a handsome woman of middle years, and wears glasses, being very short-sighted. She does very little literary work now, giving most of her attention to editorial duties. The *Bazar*, like all the Harpers' publications, pays a minimum rate of \$10 per thousand words. A. B. Starey, editor of the *Young People*, is an Oxford man, and has been in his present chair upwards of five years. He is tall, of medium complexion, and about thirty years old.

John Kendrick Bangs, one of the best humorous writers in the city, goes to Harpers' three days a week to attend to his work; and Laurence Hutton gets books by the cart-load delivered to him in his fine library to comment upon them for the *Monthly*. George William Curtis, who is connected with both the *Weekly* and the *Monthly*, drops into the office occasionally with his matter, but does all his work in his handsomely appointed house on Staten island. It is not generally known that the members of the house of Harper & Brothers take an active part in the management of all their publications, the editors consulting them on all important subjects. They also supervise the art department, passing

upon many of the drawings and allotting space to subjects.

The *Cosmopolitan*, which is making such a bold struggle for a place, has for its chief editor its proprietor, J. Brisben Walker, who made his fortune in Texas. Mr. Walker is assisted by Professor Boyesen, who passes upon fiction, and by Miss Bisland, who failed to girdle the globe with the fleetness of Nellie Bly. J. H. Sears, a member of the well-known Boston family, a scholar and a young man of travel, is Mr. Walker's immediate assistant. The *Cosmopolitan* does not pay below \$10 a thousand words, and gives a fair chance to every writer.

The *North American Review*, under its new management, is loveliness personified, but the critics say it is only sensational. I am sure that no publication in the country has a more enterprising staff, comprising Lloyd Brice, W. H. Rideing (who leaves his office at the *Youth's Companion* twice a month and comes to New York for consultation), and Mr. Monroe. The chief editor of *Scribner's* is E. L. Burlingame, for a long time connected with the business department of the Scribner publishing house. He has very dark hair, clear skin, and a face showing marked energy. He is about forty, but has produced as yet no notable literary production, though for years he has been promising to write a novel. Robert Bridges, who assists Mr. Burlingame, writes book notes for *Life*, under the pen-name of "Droch."

The *Independent* a year ago added to its staff, to fill the chair made vacant by the death of John Elliot Bowen, Bliss Carman, one of the very foremost of the younger poets. Mr. Carman has had a long university career, attending the universities of New Brunswick, Canada, Harvard, Oxford, and Edinburgh. He is a contributor to the English and American magazines, is a thorough classical scholar, a careful student and critic of modern literature, and master of a poetic line unique in music, beauty, and originality. He is six feet four inches tall, has classic features, is a scion of the U. E. Loyalists, and his figure, clad in a large "cape-coat," is well known about Printing-house square. He is making ready for publication a series of volumes of verse, for which the best literary critics augur a great success. Dr. Ward, the superintending editor, is one of the best living oriental scholars; Dr. Twining, who has charge of the book department, is also a man of wide culture and much refinement, and a member of the Century Club; Dr. Carroll is a very agreeable gentleman of all-round attainments, and associate editor on the staff. Edward Irenæus Stevenson, well known

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to the public, has charge of the musical department.

Dr. Hamilton W. Mabie is assisted by his wife in the actual editorship of the *Christian Union*, and both produce much popular work for the publications. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, a prominent member of Sorosis and founder of the *Magazine of American History*, is still active with her pen. H. C. Bunner, of *Puck*, a short, dark, studious-looking man, is busy with fiction and verse. Mrs. Frank Leslie, one of the best business women in New York, goes to her office in the *Judge* building every day; and gives frequent receptions to a mixed concourse of writers at her fine apartments. DeWitt J. Seligman, son of the head of the well-known banking house, finds his venture, the *Epoch*, established five years ago, fairly successful. Mr. Seligman is scholarly, a close student of events, a fair-minded critic, and a man who holds the highest ideas respecting the responsibilities and duties of the editorial chair. He examines, accepts, and goes over every paragraph that appears in the *Epoch*, weeds out everything irrelevant, and insists on simplicity of style and clearness of expression. His influence is excellent.

The *Illustrated American* has as its editor Maurice Menton, an old attaché of the *Herald*. He is making an heroic effort to push his paper to success. Attached to his staff is Miss Margaret Bisland, a clever writer, and a very cultivated and handsome young lady.

Once a Week has attained an enormous circulation, and has just moved to its huge premises on Tenth avenue and Thirteenth street. The editor, Nugent Robinson, is a tall, handsome, and courtly middle-aged Britisher. But P. F. Collier, the proprietor, is himself a man of fine literary judgment, and takes a hand in with Mr. Robinson. Mr. Collier owns several fine racers, and is one of the best cross-country riders in America. He and Mr. Robinson make an imposing and decidedly "swell" team.

A great many of the writers not attached to publications hunt in couples. The two Edgars, Fawcett and Saltus, are almost as inseparable as Jonathan and David. Fawcett is a tireless writer, conscientious, strong, and without a trace of affectation. He writes with a lead pencil. Saltus is one of the very greatest masters of style we have. He is charming in manners, manly, and handsome, but he seems to prefer to write on impure subjects to pure ones. Big, manly, and unassuming Julian Hawthorne comes to town now and again from his place at Sag Harbor, where, through the winter months,

he is always busy with his pen; and his brother-in-law, George Parsons Lathrop, gets into the metropolis frequently from New London, Conn., where he is also busy.

Joseph Gilder and his sister, Miss Jeanette, give most of their energy to the *Critic*, but they also write for a host of publications. Charles DeKay, a brother-in-law of R. W. Gilder, is literary editor of the *Times*. He is married, and entertains with his pretty wife in Mr. Gilder's old house. He writes a great deal on art and other topics.

Among the numerous other writers here who ought to be mentioned are Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, too well known to need comment; Miss Norma Lorrimer, who has written charming sketches on Japan; Miss Helen Gray Cone, whose pen is never idle; S. G. W. Benjamin, ex-minister to Persia, who writes on scores of topics; the two Vandykes, one notable for his work on art, the other for his book on Tennyson; W. C. Brownell, whose "French Traits" has passed into literature; Frank Dempster Sherman, who is ever busy with flawless verse; Brander Matthews, an unimpassioned, but scholarly and careful, workman; W. P. Garrison, the cultivated and unobtrusive editor of the *Nation*; John Habberton, author of "Helen's Babies," and now with the *Herald*; Stewart Merrill, whose heart is French art, life, and literature; Jonathan Sturgis, whose short stories in *Harper's* have made a decided hit; Theodore Roosevelt, notable for his book on ranching; Montgomery Schuyler, one of the most trenchant and witty writers of literary criticism in the country; Edith Thomas, the popular poet; Lotin Hildreth, the poet and general writer; Moncure D. Conway, tireless, clear-headed representative of the South; Henry L. Nelson, caustic, humorous, and a pet of *Harper's Weekly*; M. W. Hazeltine, who contributes his three columns of book reviews to the *Sun*; Mr. Van Zile, the promising young novelist; Thomas A. Janvier, the authority on Mexican topics; Mrs. Alice Wellington Rollins, so long the reviewer for the *Critic*, and author of "Uncle Tom's Tenement" and other works, besides a vast array of magazine articles; Mrs. Maude Wilder Goodwin (who, like Mrs. Rollins, lives in the Navarro flats), a cultivated and brilliant woman, who has done much critical work and reviewed hundreds of books, besides contributing stories and numerous articles to the periodical press; Miss Lee Bascom, the California authoress, now residing in New York, and author of "A God of Gotham," just published, of which George Gould and the actress, the late Laura Don, are said to be the hero and heroine; George Cary

Eggleston, author of "How to Educate Yourself," etc., an active and painstaking workman, who has entered into a literary copartnership with Dolores Marbourg, a young Western girl; Mrs. Lizzie Williams Champney, whose studio-residence at the Navarro flats is an inspiration in itself, the writer of popular tales and sketches; Mrs. Van Rensselaer, of Knickerbocker connections, who writes on art and architecture for the periodicals; Julian Ralph, another pet of the Harpers, and one of the most facile pens in our periodical literature; William Hamilton Gibson, artist and littérateur, who devotes himself largely to subjects within the realm of natural history, and is in high standing at Harper's, especially in the office of the *Young People*; F. Hopkinson Smith, also artist and writer, a clever raconteur and a writer of very acceptable fugitive matter; Julia Lippman, a writer of very readable and clever juvenile stories, as well as a ready all-round writer; Carl Schurz, who is resting after his long political turmoil, now and again producing some sound article on public affairs; Bishop Potter, who, for all his ecclesiastical zeal, cannot keep his hand out of literature, contributing articles on social and moral subjects; Lyman Abbott, a man fluent with his pen on all manner of subjects, as he is fluent of tongue in his pulpit; Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Anglomaniacs," and several other books, one of the most entertaining workers we have on social and other topics, a conspicuous society woman, and a restless and aggressive spirit; and Tudor Jenks, a writer of juvenile and other matter, and a man in high favor at present at the office of *St. Nicholas*. — Edmund Collins, in the *Denver Republican*.

KANSAS WRITERS.

Of Kansas writers there is none other, perhaps, who has achieved the fame and prestige of Edgar W. Howe, known to the world as the author of "The Story of a Country Town." Mr. Howe is thirty-six years of age, and has won a place in the realm of letters by his own indomitable will and keen powers of observation and analysis. His college was the printing office, and a varied sort of knowledge was gathered during his youthful wanderings through the far West. In partnership with his brother, he established, about fourteen years ago, the newspaper which, from a single small sheet, has since grown into the *Atchison Daily Globe*. Mr. Howe's latest book bears the mysterious title of "An Ante-Mortem Statement." Of the "Mystery of the Lock" and "A Man's Story," it is said that the author would give much of his well-earned fame

to recall them. Mr. Howe is at present preparing a semi-religious novel, with the promising and somewhat lengthy title of "The Confession of John Whitelock, Late Preacher of the Gospel."

Charles Moreau Harger is another young man who has proved the advantage of newspaper work to the literary aspirant. Mr. Harger was born in Rochester, N. Y., and was graduated from a classical school at the age of eighteen. His writings, however, are distinctly of the West. He has worked in a printing office, taught the young Kansas idea how to shoot, served as principal in the city schools, and now has charge of the editorial department of the *Abilene Daily Reflector*. Mr. Harger is only twenty-eight years old. His literary work has thus far, outside his editorial writings, been mostly bright, trenchant sketches of Western life and occasional poems. He is one of the officers of the Western Authors and Artists Club, with headquarters at Kansas City. Personally he is the most genial of men, and it is pleasantly said of him that he is claimed as a friend by every man, woman, and child in central Kansas.

Mrs. Theodore R. Jenness is a Kansas writer who has lately moved to Minnesota. She has been for years a contributor to *St. Nicholas*, *Wide Awake*, and the *Youth's Companion*. Her "Two Young Homesteaders" is a charming story of Kansas.

Tom P. Morgan writes humorous articles for *Puck*, *Harper's*, and *Frank Leslie's*.

Miss Genevieve Lel Hawley, of Fort Scott, is a writer of love stories. She is so intensely loyal to the state of her adoption that she lays the plots of most of her tales among the picturesque prairies of that region. She is as sweet and demure as a wren, and about as diminutive. She is an ardent defender of equal suffrage, and valiantly sports her yellow ribbon in the face of popular prejudice and popular opinion. She is eminently able, with her facile pen and witty tongue, to defend her cause.

Eugene Ware and Albert Bigelow Paine, of Fort Scott, are both poets. Paine is a young writer of great promise, and his verses find a ready market. Will Lisenbee, of Cherokee, is a popular and prolific writer of stories for youth. Edward Ellis says of him, "Lisenbee is original, graphic, and has the true, unmistakable genius of the born story writer." Ellen P. Allerton's "Walls of Corn" promises to become national property. Hattie Horner, of White Water, also writes poems of Western life. Mrs. Nan W. Healey, of Wichita, is an occasional writer whose poems bear the unmistakable mark of the "divine fire." Thomas Brower Peacock, of Topeka, has published a book of poems, now in its third addition. — Sallie Toler, in *Buffalo Truth*.

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WM. H. HILLS, . . . EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

. THE AUTHOR is published the fifteenth day of every month. It will be sent, post-paid, ONE YEAR for ONE DOLLAR. All subscriptions, whenever they may be received, must begin with the number for January 15, and be for one year.

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“THE WRITER” FOR OCTOBER.

Hamlin Garland and his work are exhaustively treated of in THE WRITER for October, which has a fine frontispiece portrait of the successful young Western story-writer. A critical estimate of his work is given by Charles E. Hurd, literary editor of the *Boston Transcript*, and an interesting biographical sketch of Mr. Garland is contributed by J. E. Chamberlin. An appropriate feature of the same number of

the magazine is an instructive practical article on "Short Stories and Short-story Writing," by Hezekiah Butterworth, editor of the *Youth's Companion*. An article on "How to Write History" is contributed by J. C. Moffet, and Edna Verne describes the life of "Joaquin Miller at Home." There are more personal tributes to Lowell by leading writers, received too late for the WRITER'S Lowell Memorial Number. An editorial discusses the movement instituted by THE WRITER to secure a reduction in the rate of postage on manuscripts, and a plan for action is laid down.

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A HERETIC ON ANDREW LANG.

The seriousness with which certain contemporary authors who are now in vogue treat every line they write is very ludicrous. In the good old days a man was content to let his hack work serve the purpose of the hour, and be forgotten with the bills it defrayed. Although it has come to be the commonest of things for literary men to maintain a semi-official connection with journalism, they have evidently not imbibed any of the literary Sadduceanism of the journalist proper. A new class of literature has been created by these literary gentlemen who write for newspapers—it is a scrap-book literature. Andrew Lang, who writes emasculated prose about everything under heaven, dribbled through with classical quotations,—a writer who, lacking in creative power, is appallingly prolific with books upon books,—collects his editorial articles from the London *Daily News*, and calls them "Lost Leaders,"—somewhat of a misnomer, since the public is not suffered to lose them. James Payn and others have followed suit. All these could have remained lost leaders forever and forever.

I know that just now it is rank heresy to hint at such a thing, but I have had a satiety of the Andrew Lang essay. Mr. Andrew Lang writes too much, and spreads himself over a multitude of subjects, a little too thinly. There is no robustness in him. He lacks backbone. He stands for no principle in literature, and though he has an easy fluency, he is not a great stylist. He is not a Doctor Johnson or a Goldsmith, a Hazlitt or a Bagehot, an Emerson or a Lowell. He is a sublimated journalist—a fad; a very clever fellow, who could emulate Swift, and beat him, in writing

about broomsticks, but he is but froth on the waves of these days. He is a wholesale commentator who has been mistaken for a *creator*. I never think of his work but I am reminded of Sheridan's rivulet of print meandering through a meadow of margin; only in Mr. Lang's case it is a rivulet of Mr. Lang meandering through seas of classical quotations. He has made dilettantism a fine art, and he has made it *pay*. Therefore, his name should not perish, for although this is an ideal world for humbugs in all vocations, and even occasionally for the literary humbug, I do not recall another name in literature of whom the same thing can be said.—*Walter Blackburn Harte, in the New England Magazine.*

THE AUTHOR'S INDIVIDUALITY.

Individuality does not consist in the use of the very personal pronoun, I: it consists in self-expression, in tone, in method, in attitude, in point of view; it consists in saying things in such a way that you will yourself be recognized as a force, an influence, in saying them. Do we not at once know Lamb when he speaks? And even more formal Addison, does not his speech betray and endear him to us? His personal charm is less distinct, much less fascinating, than that which goes with Lamb's thought, but a charm he has sufficient for immortality. In Steele the matter is more impersonal, more mortal. Some of Dr. Johnson's essays, you feel, might have been written by a dictionary. It is impersonal matter that is dead matter. Are you asked who fathered a certain brilliant, poignant bit of political analysis: you say, Why, only Bagehot could have written that. Does a wittily-turned verse make you hesitate between laughter at its hit, and grave thought because of its deeper, its covert meaning: do you not know that only Lowell could do that? Do you catch a strain of pure Elizabethan music and doubt whether to attribute it to Shakespeare or to another: do you not know the authors who still live?

Now, the noteworthy thing about such individuality is that it will not develop under every star, or in one place as well as in other; there is an atmosphere which kills it, and an atmosphere which fosters it. The atmosphere which kills it is the atmosphere of sophistication, where cleverness, and fashion, and knowingness thrive; cleverness, which is froth, not strong drink; fashion, which is a thing assumed, not a thing of nature; and knowingness, which is naught. Of course, there are born, now and again, as tokens of some rare mood of nature, men of so intense and individual a cast that cir-

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cumstance and surroundings affect them little more than friction affects an express train. They command their own development without even the consciousness that to command costs strength. These cannot be sophisticated; for sophistication is subordination to the ways of your world. But these are the very greatest and the very rarest; and it is not the greatest and rarest alone who shape the world and its thought.

There is a rank and file in literature, even in the literature of immortality, and these must go much to school to the people about them. It is by the number and charm of the individualities which it contains that the literature of any country gains distinction. We turn anywhither to know men. The best way to foster literature, if it may be fostered, is to cultivate the author himself—a plant of such delicate and precarious growth that special soils are needed to produce him in his full perfection. The conditions which foster individuality are those which foster simplicity, thought and action from self out, naturalness, spontaneity. What are these conditions?

In the first place, a certain helpful ignorance. It is best for the author to be born away from literary centres, or to be excluded from their ruling set if he be born in them. It is best that he start out with his thinking not knowing how much has been thought and said about everything. A certain amount of ignorance will insure his sincerity, will increase his boldness, and shelter his genuineness, which is his hope of power. Not ignorance of life, but life may be learned in any neighborhood; not ignorance of the greater laws which govern human affairs, but they may be learned without a library of historians and commentators, by imaginative sense, by seeing better than by reading; not ignorance of the infinitudes of human circumstance, but knowledge of these may come to a man without the intervention of universities; not ignorance of one's self and of one's neighbor, but innocence of the sophistications of learning, its research without love, its knowledge without inspiration, its method without grace; freedom from its shame of trying to know many things as well as from its pride of trying to know but one thing; ignorance of that faith in small confounding facts which is contempt for large reassuring principles.—*Woodrow Wilson, in the Atlantic Monthly.*

PERSONAL GOSSIP ABOUT WRITERS.

Black.—William Black was born in Glasgow in 1841, and stated that the traditions of his family

were that they were of Highland Scotch origin. He married an English lady, and has three children (one of them a boy), aged respectively twelve, thirteen, and fourteen. During the winter season he resides principally at Brighton, and in summer removes his family to Oban, where he has a cottage, Kilchrennan House. He is fond of yachting, fishing, and other out-door amusements, and during the summer and autumn months spends much of his time in those healthful recreations.—*Neil Macdonald, in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.*

Curtis.—For a long time George William Curtis has been somewhat inactive politically. He has been several times urged to accept foreign missions, and on one occasion could have had the mission to the court of St. James if he had consented. Office-holding has always been something abhorrent to him, and long ago it was found that any suggestion of his name would be useless, for he would not listen to it. Mr. Curtis is very rarely heard nowadays from the public platform, and this seems a pity, for there is no living orator who equals him in the perfection of what is called the old-fashioned school of oratory. Mr. Curtis is aging beautifully. His hair is quite gray, and his whiskers, still cut after the English style, as it is called, are almost white. His form is bowed a little, but his complexion is still ruddy, and his eye is clear, and his greeting is always of that kind which gives a man delight to meet him. He will probably do but little more literary work outside his charming essays in *Harper's Magazine*. What his fame will rest upon it is hard to say. His two novels are still read, although they are not of the sort which is the vogue of the present day; his orations are published, and they are models for those who desire to see what the fascinations of the English tongue are when it is used by a master. Mr. Curtis' mature years have been as delightful as it is the lot of any man to enjoy. Years ago, when engaged in the publication of a magazine, Mr. Curtis became involved in obligations which were a sorrow to him, and would have blighted the life of a man of less moral fibre. He set to work to pay them off, and to do that entered the lecture field. For several years he submitted to this tedious and harrowing grind, but as he was a lecturer of great popularity he saw his debt gradually diminishing, until at last he was able to say: "I am a free man. I have done it. I owe no man a cent." Since then Mr. Curtis' life has been one of comfort. He receives a large salary from the Harpers, and he spends a part of the year at an old farmhouse in a country town in Massachusetts, and the winter months at a beautiful home he has on Staten

Island. Those who know Mr. Curtis best are inclined to think that he takes greater delight in conducting services at a little Unitarian church near his home on Staten Island than he ever did in his most splendid oratorical triumphs. This little church was organized some thirty years ago, and, being for a time without a pastor, Mr. Curtis was asked to conduct the service, and he consented, and for more than thirty years he has filled this little pulpit. There is a hymn sung, Mr. Curtis reads a prayer, then another hymn, and then he reads to the congregation a sermon selected from the writings of those who have uttered mighty thoughts on spiritual things.—*E. J. Edwards, in the Newark Times.*

Duncan.—The author of that very unconventional book of travels, "A Social Departure; or, How Theodosia and I Went Round the World by Ourselves," and of that bright and humorous social study, "An American Girl in London," is now living in India. She is not yet thirty years old, and was born, brought up, and educated in Brantford, Ontario, the eldest of a large family. Her father is a merchant there, and has been identified with the place for more than thirty years. He is a man of keen intelligence and of wide reading. Miss Duncan's mother is Irish and quick-witted, and the daughter undoubtedly inherits her cleverness largely from her.

The Duncan family has always lived in a pleasant, big old-fashioned house in Brantford, surrounded by lawns, and fir trees, and fruit orchards. From a child Miss Duncan read everything that she could find that interested her, including much fiction, and recollects especially the delight she took in "The Back of the North Wind" when it appeared in *Good Words for the Young*. It was *Appleton's Magazine*, however, that first inspired her with literary ambitions. The desire filled her to write sonnets and stories like those which appeared in the pages of this periodical. She yielded to this desire, and meeting with the usual discouragements of young authors, determined to try journalism as a stepping-stone to literature.

Miss Duncan's first newspaper work was in the year of the Cotton Centennial at New Orleans, whither she went to write descriptive letters for the *Toronto Globe*, the *Buffalo Courier*, the *Memphis Appeal*, and other newspapers. After that she went to Washington, and became a member of the editorial staff of the *Washington Post*. This newspaper experience, especially that in Washington, was of great service to Miss Duncan. Her "copy" was freely, and even severely, criticised by the editor

of the *Post*, with the result of improving greatly her manner of writing. Leaving Washington, Miss Duncan joined the staff of the *Toronto Globe*, and later that of the *Montreal Star*, passing one season at Ottawa as the special correspondent of the *Star*.

It will interest the readers of Miss Duncan's "Social Departure" to know that the Theodosia of that famous journey around the world was Miss Lily Lewis, a young woman of twenty-three, who is also engaged in newspaper and other literary work, being a contributor to *Galigiani* and several of the London journals.

We have referred to Miss Duncan throughout this sketch by her maiden name, the name by which she is known to the readers of her books. She ought properly, however, to be called Mrs. E. C. Cotes, using the name of the gentleman whom she met in Calcutta, and whom in less than two years she married. Mr. Cotes has a scientific appointment in connection with the Indian Museum, and has acquired considerable of a reputation in the field of his special research, Indian entomology. He is the author of several entomological publications, which have recently appeared under the authority of the Government of India.—*The Book Buyer for October.*

Griffis.—Among all the prominent Boston preachers there are few who have so varied an experience as that of William Elliot Griffis, the popular pastor of the Shawmut Congregational Church. As a pulpit orator Mr. Griffis is practical in his methods, and as a worker his church admires him greatly. Rev. W. E. Griffis was born in Philadelphia, September 17, 1843, and was educated at the common and high schools. As a youth he entered the jewelry manufactory of Carrow, Thibault, & Co. When nineteen years of age Mr. Griffis felt a call to the ministry, and he prepared for college under a private tutor. Afterward he entered Rutgers College, New Brunswick, N. J., and there distinguished himself as a student of natural science, English literature, and composition, taking several prizes and medals. On leaving college he engaged in a four-months' tour through Europe, and on his return went to the Theological Seminary, New Brunswick, N. J. At this time Japanese students came over to the schools and colleges in large numbers, and Mr. Griffis became interested in them. The civil war in Japan was just over, and there was a call for a man to go there and organize a system of popular education on American methods. Mr. Griffis was selected for this work, and arrived in Japan December 29, 1870. After spending one year in the work in the interior, where he was interested in the study of

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the feudal system, which yet obtained there, he was invited to Tokio to found a polytechnic school, and he remained there three years, and in that period he met most of the prominent persons in Japan. He left the mikado's country in August, 1874. On his return Mr. Griffis spent two years lecturing on Japan and in writing his book, "The Mikado's Empire." He then entered Union Theological Seminary, New York City. While there he had charge of the Knox Memorial Church, Thirty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, which gave him a good idea of "How the Other Half Lives in New York." A few days before his graduation he was called to the First Reformed (Dutch) Church at Schenectady, N. Y., which was founded in 1661. The subject of this sketch was there for nine years, and filled the chair of metaphysics in Union College, which college two years later conferred upon him the degree of D. D. His study of the Mohawk valley at that time has resulted in a book, now in the press, entitled "Sir William Johnson and the Six Nations." Many other books have come from the pen of the reverend gentleman, many of which have gone through several editions. In February, 1886, Mr. Griffis was called to succeed Dr. E. B. Well at Shawmut Church. He has just returned from a European trip, having spent a month in Holland studying the many points of contact between Dutch and American history. He was also a delegate to the International Congregational Council in London, where he met many eminent divines. Mr. Griffis married a daughter of Professor Benjamin Stanton, of Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., June 17, 1879, and has two handsome little children, a boy and girl, respectively four and seven years of age. — *Boston News*.

Hawker. — Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Hawker, otherwise "Lanc Falconer," the author of "Mademoiselle Ixe" and other popular books, had a very hard time at first in getting her work accepted by publishers. The first manuscript copy of "Mademoiselle Ixe" was absolutely worn out upon its travels. Nevertheless, the young lady continued to write as persistently as the most popular author alive. Last year the tide turned for her, and she says: "There is now more trouble about not publishing my stories than there used to be about publishing them." In private life Miss Hawker is said to be charming, full of quaint sayings, and a keen, but sympathetic, observer. She has a young and clever face. — *Buffalo Enquirer*.

Howells. — William Dean Howells came of sturdy stock. His ancestors on his father's side were Welsh

Quakers; his grandfather was a born believer in free republican government, and came to America with those principles firmly implanted in him; he became a pronounced Methodist, but his son, the father of the novelist, was a believer in the doctrines of Swedenborg, in which also William Dean was educated. His father was a man of more than ordinary culture, possessed an excellent library for his day and generation, and the boy was brought up in an atmosphere of books and culture. He was led early to court literature, and almost as soon as he could read William Dean made verses and put them in type in the office of his father.

William was born at Martin's Ferry, Ohio, March 1, 1837. When he was three years old his father removed to Hamilton, Ohio, where he bought the *Intelligencer*, a weekly newspaper, where the future novelist learned to "stick type" when he was only twelve years old. In 1849 the father sold his paper because he could not conscientiously support a President who believed in slavery, and he removed to Dayton, where he bought the *Transcript*, a semi-weekly, and made a daily of it. This failed, however, at the end of about two years. In 1851 the elder Howells was a clerk of the House at the State Capitol, and William Dean worked as compositor for four dollars a week in the office of the *Ohio State Journal*. There he made the acquaintance of John J. Piatt, which was very helpful to him. The family removed soon thereafter to Ashtabula, where they worked on a newspaper, the *Sentinel*, which the elder Howells purchased, and on which the family worked; this journal was transferred to Jefferson, where they issued it.

At the age of nineteen William Dean Howells became Columbus correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette*; and at the age of twenty-two he was news editor of the *State Journal* at Columbus. It was during this period that he began to contribute to the *Atlantic Monthly*, his first poem being entitled "By the Dead." He contributed some five or six poems during that time to the *Atlantic*. In 1860, when Lincoln was nominated, he wrote his life, and his share of the profits, \$160, paid his expenses on a trip made to Montreal and Boston. While at "The Hub" he formed the acquaintance of James Russell Lowell, then the editor of the *Atlantic*, and by him the young poet was introduced to Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was appointed by President Lincoln as United States consul to Venice, where he remained from 1861 to 1865. It was during this period that he mastered the Italian language, read Italian literature, and devoted himself to thorough cultivation of polite letters. He published a series

of letters on "Venetian Life," published in book form in England, which gave him a pronounced position in literary circles. It is said that Venice was never so faithfully photographed.

On his return to the United States he became an editorial writer on the *New York Tribune*. His thorough knowledge of Italian and French subjects, as well as European matters generally, made him a valuable addition to the writing force of that great journal, and also a salaried contributor to the *Nation*. In 1866 he was made assistant editor of the *Atlantic*, and in 1872 he became its editor. He contributed, besides his regular work, to the magazine a great deal in the way of criticism, general sketches, and fiction. He was also an occasional contributor during this time to the *North American Review*, writing papers on foreign affairs and literature. He held the position of editor of the *Atlantic* until 1881, when he resigned, and was succeeded by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He was a valued member of that circle that made Longfellow's house their meeting place when the poet of "Evangeline" was translating Dante. Howells used to study Spanish literature, and all the time kept up his varied literary work.

His first real story was that called "Their Wedding Journey," which was from the beginning a success. This determined his career as a writer of fiction. Since that time his works have followed rapidly one after another. The *Century* and *Harper's* have been the chief avenues for the preliminary publication of his works. In 1882-83 Mr. Howell's was again in Europe with his family, and since his return home has been in Boston. In 1886 he became a salaried contributor to *Harper's*, conducting a new and critical department called the "Editor's Study," and contributing exclusively to its pages. Some of his best known works are: "Venetian Life" (1866), "Their Wedding Journey" (1871), "A Chance Acquaintance" (1873), "A Foregone Conclusion" (1874), "The Lady of the Aroostool" (1878), "The Undiscovered Country" (1880), "A Modern Instance" (1883), "A Woman's Reason" (1884), "The Rise of Silas Lapham" (1885), "The Minister's Charge" (1886), "Indian Summer" (1886), "April Hopes" (1887), "A Hazard of New Fortunes," and the "Quality of Mercy." — *Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

James. — It is announced that Henry James has made a dramatization of his story, "The American," and that it has already been received with some favor in London. News also comes from London that Mr. James has decided hereafter to confine himself to dramatic work, and has two or three

plays in contemplation, and will devote the next two or three years to writing them. This will seem to many of Mr. James' admirers like a tacit admission that the comments of the critics respecting his literary efforts have been accurate. For twenty years he has been engaged in an effort to establish a new and in a manner an ideal literature. He has been writing novels in which there is no story, not because he is unable to write a story, but because it is his theory that novels nowadays should not be stories, but should be analyses of men and women, and of the springs which go to influence modern social life. Just after Mr. James was graduated from Harvard College he wrote two stories which brought him to the attention of the reading public. These were "Roderick Hudson" and "The American," and excellent stories they were. They revealed Mr. James' power as a story teller. Not long after, Mr. James wrote a short story called "Daisy Miller." Had he gone on in that way, he would have increased the reputation that he then made, but he became too curiously interested in the theories which make story-writing merely dissections, and he repressed his natural gift for telling a story well, and instead produced a number of books which utterly failed to attract the public. There were four or five of them, some of them published as serials, one or two pretending to portray certain phases of life in New York, with which Mr. James was not familiar. People tried to read these novels of prodigious length, and they did not dare find fault, because Henry James was the writer of them. Yet the effect was palpable upon the sales of his books. His market dropped. One of his editions did not sell 1,200 copies, and if he had been dependent upon literature for a living, he would have been obliged to live in a garret. Fortunately for him, he has an independent income. It seems now that Mr. James is satisfied that there is no field for such literature as he writes. He has become fascinated with play-writing, evidently, and if he will give his talent perfect freedom, he ought to be able to conceive a story, to arrange the situations, and to make logical climaxes which will furnish an actor of talent a very good play. — *E. J. Edwards, in Keene (N. H.) Sentinel*.

Melville. — Herman Melville, one of the most widely read of the writers of his time, but little known to readers of this generation, died in New York September 28, at the age of seventy-two. By a curious coincidence, a paragraph, which mentioned the fact of his living in obscurity at a time when every well-kept library in the country is not without his works, was printed not long before his death. He

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was born in New York, grandson of a member of the Boston "Tea-party." At ten he ran away to sea, and there acquired a technical knowledge of nautical affairs, which, when united with a vivid imagination and a rare gift of "spinning yarns," served to make him the greatest writer of sea-stories of his time. He was captured by cannibals in the South Sea islands, but made his escape. His experiences were made the basis of an attractive tale of the sea, which, under the title of "Typee," was published in 1840 simultaneously in New York and London. The book was a financial and a literary success, and Melville won a high position among the writers of the time. This book was followed by "Omoo," in 1847; by "Redburn," a novel, in 1848; by "Mardi and a Voyage Thither" (a philosophical romance); by "White-Jacket; or, The World in a Man of War," in 1850; by "Moby-Dick," in 1851; by "Pierre; or, The Ambiguities," in 1852; by "Israel Potter, His Fifty Years of Exile," in 1855; by "The Confidence-Man," in 1857; by "Battle-Pieces, and Aspects of the War" (poems), in 1866; by "Clarel: A Pilgrimage In The Holy Land" (a poem), in 1876. "Moby-Dick" was a story about a white whale, whose existence has always been a tradition of the sea. This book was dedicated to Hawthorne.

O. M.

Schreiner.—Miss Olive Schreiner, the South African novelist, is at present residing at Cape Town, where she mingles freely in society, and is frequently to be met at Government House. Miss Schreiner is quite a young lady, rather below the medium in height, with girlish form, dark, lustrous eyes, and a profusion of brown hair. Unlike most writers, she is brilliant in conversation, and will discuss without reserve the leading topics of the time. She is greatly interested in public matters, and is often present at the debates in the Cape Parliament. Although "The Story of an African Farm"—the book which made her reputation—was published so far back as June, 1883, Miss Schreiner, with the exception of a few articles in the magazines and her "Dreams," has not since appeared in print. She has, however, not been idle in the meanwhile, but has been assiduously writing, and intends shortly to go to Europe for the purpose of publishing the more matured products of her gifted and richly stored mind. Miss Schreiner lives in pleasant rooms in Cape Town, close to the houses of Parliament, overlooking the private grounds of the governor and the Botanic Gardens, and commanding a magnificent view of Table Mountain. She often seeks for a closer communion with nature by retiring to the solitude of

Mathesfontain, a little village in the Karoo Desert, 300 miles up the country. Miss Shreiner is a member of a highly intellectual family. One of her brothers is a barrister in leading practice at Cape Town, another is a distinguished traveller and scientist, while her sister has attained great influence by lectures on temperance platforms.—*New York Mail and Express.*

LITERARY NEWS AND NOTES.

Dr. Albert Shaw, American editor of the *Review of Reviews*, will deliver a course of lectures on European social and economic problems at Johns Hopkins University this autumn.

Hall Caine has been selected by Dr. Hermann Adler, Chief Rabbi of England, to study the Hebrew question in Russia. He is the author of the powerful historical romance on Ishmael, called "The Scapegoat," which is now running in the *Illustrated London News*. Perhaps no other living writer, not even General Lew Wallace, of "Ben Hur" fame, has made so close a study of the history and home life of the Israelites of old.

Count Tolstoi has concluded that all of his works shall henceforth be free to be published or translated.

Jean Ingelow, at regular intervals, gives what she calls "copyright dinners," at which she entertains the poor in her neighborhood from the proceeds of her books.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, of New York, editor of the *Magazine of American History*, holds membership in twenty-six societies of the learned sort, several of which are said to have admitted no other woman.

Miss Ethel Parton, daughter of James Parton, makes her *début* as an author with a charming paper on Newburyport in the October number of the *New England Magazine*.

"R. O.," in *Kate Field's Washington*, says "There are certain authors spoken of as 'imaginative' when imagination is the one quality which they conspicuously lack. The whole secret of their attractiveness is that they have a talent of giving a curious twist to actual happenings. In this way they make the real seem unreal and fantastic, instead of making the unreal real. Stockton is the greatest adept at this curious art, which is not the less an art because it is not exactly what it seems to be."

T. B. Aldrich has returned to Boston after his summer abroad.

An author, who is also an able railroad manager, is Millionaire A. B. Stickney, principal owner of the Chicago, St. Paul, & Kansas City railroad. He is a tall, heavy man, whose head is covered with a shaggy growth of sandy hair, and he has a short, reddish-brown beard. He is stoop-shouldered and rather awkward in his movements, and is fond of retirement, being rarely seen in a theatre or other place of amusement. He is an authority on railroad topics.

George Alfred Townsend ("Gath") in the November *Lippincott's* relates his experiences as a newspaper correspondent.

A collection of all the best "cat poems" in the English language is now being made by Mrs. Graham R. Tomson. It will be illustrated by Arthur Tomson.

The publishers of *Arthur's Home Magazine* have offered a prize of \$50 for the best design for a new title or front cover page. The words "*Arthur's New Home Magazine, Illustrated,*" are to be prominently displayed in the design. The designs are to be printed in one color, and should be drawn on colored paper. They must be submitted on or before November 15, 1891.

The second of the series of "Twelve English Authoresses," by Mrs. L. B. Walford, the English novelist, appears in the October *Far and Near*. Its subject is "Fanny Burney."

The daughter of Charles Dickens has written a series of articles entitled "My Father as I Recall Him." There will be some six or seven papers in the series, taking up, respectively, Dickens home life; how he wrote his books; his literary methods; his friends; Christmas in the Dickens home; the novelist's love of birds, flowers, and animals. Miss Dickens is just past middle life. She lives in a pleasant place about twenty miles out of London.

The English Society of Authors seems to have a good deal of influence in bringing the English publisher up to the mark. "I had three short stories accepted by a certain weekly journal," writes one author, "but when I suggested remuneration, my letters remained unanswered. Finally, I wrote, saying that unless I received a prompt and satisfactory reply, I should place the matter in the hands of the Society of Authors. It was, clearly, a word to the wise. Almost by return of post came a check, which — had the society been non-existent — would have been signed somewhere in Greek Calends."

The English still remain painfully ignorant of some of our best-known authors. In a recent list of American authors given by a prominent London weekly the following appeared: *James Greenleaf Whittier*, *Oliver Wentworth Holmes*, *Edwin Bellamy*, *Mrs. A. G. T. Whitney*, *Samuel D. Clemens*, and *Mrs. Mary Deland* — and these out of a list of barely twenty names!

George Meredith's first novel was published forty-three years ago, and nearly every year since it has been followed by a novel or a collection of poems. Mr. Meredith lives in England, but escapes to Italy at the approach of winter.

James Whitcomb Riley has written a "poetic drama," which will make its first appearance as "a literary venture — a book — a drama in verse," so Mr. Riley himself says.

Laird & Lee, Chicago publishers, offer a cash prize of \$1,000 for the best manuscript novel, by an American author, sent to them for examination before March 31.

W. E. H. Lecky is fifty-three years old, and his first volume of poems is about to appear. He began to write while still very young. When his "Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland" was published he was only twenty-three; and he was twenty-seven when his "Rise and Progress of the Spirit of Nationalism" appeared.

Miss Molly Elliot Seawell has completed a new novel, which she calls "Skelton." The author believes it to be her best and strongest piece of work thus far.

Henry Harland has ceased to use his pen-name, "Sydney Luska."

Thomas Hardy has told Brander Matthews that most of the stories told in his book, "A Group of Noble Dames," are true. They are derived from family traditions.

Professor F. N. Scott, of the University of Michigan, formerly a Detroit journalist, is writing a monograph on "Instruction in English and American Colleges and Universities" for the bureau of education at Washington.

Carlyle's heretofore unpublished novel is to be brought out in the *New Review*. It is said to present under thin disguises many of his friends and acquaintances — in hardly an ideal light, perhaps, if we may judge from the very unpleasant references to most of his "friends and acquaintances" in his "Journal." The same periodical will soon print his account of his journey to Paris. Both works are to be reprinted in this country.

THE AUTHOR.

A portrait of Mark Twain, from the painting by J. Carroll Beckwith, occupies the front page of *Harper's Weekly* for September 23.

Mrs. Frank Leslie, the publisher, was married October 4, to William O. Kingsbury Wilde, a stalwart brother of the æsthetic poet, Oscar Wilde. Mr. Wilde, who is the son of the late Sir William Wilde, M. D., of Dublin, is a journalist, a barrister, and a physician, but he has devoted more attention to journalism than to his other professions. He has been connected with the *London Telegraph* and with *Vanity Fair*. It is his intention to remain in this country, and he will probably take charge of Mrs. Leslie's extensive publishing interests.

Edward Brandus, of the New York publishing firm of Edward Brandus & Co., has just been in Paris, where he has signed a contract with the French Copyright Society, of which Comte de Kératry is president, by which Brandus' firm becomes the agent of the society for twenty years. Brandus says that henceforth all French books, operas, plays, music, photographs, artistic reproductions, etc., will be copyrighted and disposed of in New York exclusively by his firm, and that American publishers and theatrical managers must hereafter deal with him; in other words, that Brandus & Co. will now protect all literary, musical, and artistic French works in the United States.

At the session of the literary congress at Neuchatel, September 29, the American copyright law was discussed. The wish was expressed that the United States would rescind the clause of the law compelling books to be reprinted in that country, and it was declared that provisionally a term of six months for republication and the fulfilment of all formalities under the law would be desirable. The same day the Canadian House of Commons adopted a radical address to the Queen in regard to the copyright question. The address asks that the Imperial Parliament pass an act giving effect to the Canadian copyright act of 1889 at once, and confirming the right of the Parliament of Canada, according to the promise made by the imperial government in 1846, to make such laws on the subject of copyright as from time to time may be required for the country, notwithstanding that such laws may be inconsistent with the provisions of imperial statutes passed before the adoption of the British North American act of 1867. The address concludes by praying that, in order to give full effect to the Canadian act of 1889, notice be given by the imperial authorities of the withdrawal of Canada from the Berne copyright convention.

Contrary to recent rumor, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett intends to return to America in a few weeks. Her son Vivian, who was reported as studying abroad, has been in a public school in Washington for the last year.

Charles Scribner's Sons, the publishers of Frank R. Stockton's books, say that the sale of some of his books have reached the following figures: "Rudder Grange," 40,000 copies; "Mrs. Null," 30,000; "Lady or Tiger," 25,000 copies; and "The Rudder Grangers Abroad," issued very recently, has already reached its sixth edition.

Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh" is announced by Harper & Brothers. The volume is a very attractive one, containing many illustrations by Joseph Pennell of scenes and localities in Edinburgh, besides numerous portraits of famous Scottish men of letters.

This story of Emerson is once more afloat: Having risen one night, he unintentionally aroused his wife, who inquired, "Are you sick, Waldo?" "Oh, no, my dear," was his reply, "but I've got an idea. What's the matter with these matches? I can't make them ignite. Let it go, now," sighed the philosopher, "my idea is gone." The next morning, upon arising, Mrs. Emerson found all the teeth in her comb broken out.

Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr has returned home to Rutland, Vt., after a visit to Europe.

Richard Harding Davis, who was in London only a few days, received many attentions from literary people. Sunday, September 27, he was the guest at the Reform Club of James R. Osgood. The others present were Edwin A. Abbey, John Drew, Jonathan Sturges, and Clarence W. McIlvane. Mr. Davis sailed September 30 with his mother and sister on the City of Paris for New York.

The marriage of Miss Elizabeth Bisland, whose trip around the world against time made her generally known to the public, and Charles W. Wetmore, a lawyer, was solemnized October 6, in New York City. Mrs. Wetmore was born in Louisiana, and at an early age began her newspaper experience as a writer on the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*. In New York she has done much newspaper and magazine work.

Miss A. G. Plympton, the author of "Dear Daughter Dorothy," lives at the quiet little hamlet known as Charles River Village. She has just completed a Quaker story, entitled "Betty: a Butterfly." She is not only the author, but the illustrator.